

Cambridge. Friday Ev. March 28. '51

My dear sister, I am very, very sorry, to use the phrase
 "unpleasant & unceremonious" of being up the account rather better to
 the present time. And I feel as if I owed all an apology for
 my very abrupt leave taking this morning; but though I rose
 in good time, & packed diligently, somehow the documents I
 had counted on to finish that page were not found, & I was
 forced to send a nice blank, & distressing my postage account, as
 well as some others. It now occurs me of breaking off as in the
 chapter of a novel, or in the story in numbers so common now-a-
 days, so as to make you all anxious to get the continuation, for I left
 myself, having just laid my bonnet & sack one side of the room,
 + stopping forward ^{to be} introduced to the gentlemen round the fire-
 place. They were Mr. Burgen, tall, dark, with a handsome face,
 but expressing the simplicity of a child; & such is his character; very
 well informed, but his opinions & mind formed in his study, State
 High Church & a disciple of Dr. Pusey, & looking sneakingly back to the
 fathers of the Church & the Widdell Eyes as the best guides. Yet so sincere
 & well informed in modern literature, looking on everything as such
 an earnest, kind & gentle way, that the was very interesting. Then
 Mr. Buckle, another Fellow of Bril, whom I did not see so much
 as, but who was very pleasant, the same gentle, simple manner;
 & Mr. Selator, a member of Corpus Christi, & great an ornithologist.
 But it was very entertaining & interesting to contrast this group,
 so different from the circle at Madham - there were the quiet
 scholars living in those antique buildings, & seeming to gain from
 the spirit of the past all gentleness, humility & simplicity.
 Mr. Church handed me in to dinner, & Mr. Burgen sat next me.
 It was a handsome dinner, - after the dessert was on the table,
 I began to feel a little red in the thought that I ought to retire.
 Mrs. Mearns & Ruth Finch were the only precedents I could
 think of, so at last with a little remark to Mr. Church, I
 rose & he escorted me & kindly with the other room, flew
 to light the candles which had been put out, & giving me

some took with us to look at, hoped I could amuse myself, & left me alone - I thought of Mrs. Mearns tapping on the wall of the bedroom & crying "hear! hear!" when I heard their bursts of laughter; & I had not been long alone before the servant came round the other way, bringing me some coffee, & after a while a cup of tea. The "cultivator" came after a while to join me. Mr. Burjon seeing I was interested in some points of Oxford, went to get a new old book, containing news of the Colleges as they were many years ago. And then he went to get some dried flowers from interesting localities in Palestine; with them he brought an antique Persian cup carefully preserved in a case, & some very interesting, rare & curious antique coins - the coins of a soldier in the Peloponnesian war, one of Alexander the Great, some very early, the earliest attempts at coinage ^{as the legend on the coin says} hundreds of years B.C. There were two curious signet rings with the legend, one earlier with the signet Egyptian, a later one, a graceful, spirited creature with wings like an Eagle - Is it who live so in the present & future with everything so new about us, these old histories of past time & deeds seem almost a dream - and these relics of the ancient world come as pledges & proofs of the reality of those histories, so strong & with such a sense of pleasure! - And one coin of Constantine, having on the reverse a calm but & sealed figure beneath it bowed with grief, & the Latin for motto, which made me start with its actual reality. It was a precious little collection, in fine order, & you cannot imagine how kindly Mr. Burjon explained them; not as if I ought to know & so was supposed to, nor yet as if he must begin with my A. B. C. - I am afraid we staid unconcernably late - and before we went, Mr. Burjon made Mr. March relinquish us for breakfast the next morning to him. The chairs were wiping as usual, as we hastened back to our hotel. - Wednesday morning before we got out, the servant brought us the Silliman's Cards, father & son, & we found they were at the same hotel, having come the night before - quite a party of them - Dr. Ray came in to see them as I put on my gloves, & we then hastened to Dr. Ray's room as usual. He went first to Mr. Church's room, who was to guide us to Mr. Burjon - They were not as curious as Mr. Converse the night before we were in the Common room but perhaps more studious, the table so comfortable & pleasant with books, large & small, prints, antiquities, relics, &c. And commanded a pleasant view of the quadrangle of Oxid, with its curious porch leading

to the Chapel & dining-hall. He showed us some plants from Greece sent him by Mrs. Hill, who was missionary from America there, & whom he knew quite well when he staid some months in Greece; & the some of her scholars had collected & prepared, & sent them to our garden. Mr. Church invited us to Mr. Burjon's rooms, and there were a number of students indeed; nothing luxurious or modern either, there, unless you except two very fine arm chairs, but books large & small, & scattered about, & some I must acknowledge rather dusty; the walls were hung with caricatures, sketches, & titles, medallions of Thorwaldsen's right & wrong, &c. &c. Some very curious, interesting & beautiful things, but not in any one place. He invited me most kindly to sit down & talk, & he showed us some very interesting old cups &c. belonging to the college which had been brought there for us to see - A crown-cup mounted on a tablet in silver-plate, for an old tennis when they were first known, then were thought most precious & believed to be Griffin's cup! An old chalice mounted richly in the same way, with a quaint old Latin motto engraved upon it, sporting moderation, & to drink to supply the wants of nature not for pleasure only. Then a beautiful old cup given to Oxid by Edward the 1st. It is a curious goblet shape with the top surrounded so it were by lips, so that there are separate drinking places, & it has a cover; it is chased & engraved all over with old symbols. It is an old college custom, long handed down, on certain days to have this cup at table filled with spiced wine, & the fellows all standing; it is called brand, each man drinking & repeating the college motto "Oxid & Oxid". On one occasion Mr. Burjon added, some was tired of the long standing, & said, "Come let us drink Oxid sedat!" The rooms we were in were the parson Dr. Pusey's before he was Curate at Christ Church. And here Mr. Church is very agreeable & well informed. Mr. Burjon surprised me by saying that the fellows rarely kept their places many years. I had thought them things for life, but he said that a man of forty would get a living long before that - The colleges have amongst their customs - sends the gifts of several livings, which are given gratuitously to their fellows. He invited me to go to Blenheim for which we had ordered a ticket, & where we meant to join the Silliman's - But time had passed so pleasantly that it was much later we found when we got back to our hotel than we had intended, the carriage had been waiting some time, & the Silliman's gone a quarter of an hour - We could only hasten

after them, after I had added a little to the warmth of my dress, for it
was raining & very chilly. The drive was uninteresting, as the country
is very little diversified. But historical associations added to its
pleasure, for we passed through the old town of Woodstock, & Blenheim
is situated on a part of the old Devesne, though there are no ruins
left now of the Palace, or fair Rosamond's tower. But Scott's Woodstock
came fresh to my mind - Blenheim was built for the first
Duke of Marlborough from sums appropriated to that purpose by
the nation - It is in the queer mixed, low Italian style of that time,
but the approach was in a handsome avenue, through a fine park ornar-
mented by beauties, an old tree, & a pretty piece of water; & the ground
was more undulating & so more picturesque. There are many fine
pictures in the house - St. Madonna by Raphael, which I did not admire
as I should, another by Carlo Dolce, some fine bandykes & Rubens, & sev-
eral other particulars Rembrandt & Titian - But it was no satisfaction
to be hurried through as we were by a guide - Pictures one must dwell
upon to enjoy, & it takes away all the pleasure to be surrounded by a
crowd, & hurried on from one to the other. We joined the Sillimans
before they had got through one room, I believe - The house is imposing
from its size, & some of the rooms are very handsome, but it has a
destitute sort of look, & one quite pities the present Duke, who is said to be
so poor that he cannot afford to keep it up - It must be very hard to
have such a fine place & not be able to live in it as one should. We ended
with the chapel, which is still hung with black in memory of the late
Duchess, & ornamented on one side with an immense monument to
the "Great Duke" erected to his memory by his wife - It was cold & raining
enough as we drove back, & we took Mrs. Silliman into our carriage as
they were rather crowded - Their party consists of Prof. Silliman, Senr,
Mrs. & Mr. Silliman, her sister, & 3 young men - When we got back, Dr.
Gray went to escort them about a little, as the two gentlemen had gone up
town to London for some meeting that Evng. I sat with my bonnet on, as
they were to come for me after awhile - Mean time - It cleared off, & so
I waited, not daring to take off a glove, but I should not be ready just at
the moment - After a while Dr. Gray came rushing in, looking faintly tired
them out, & so able to quite devote himself to me. So we went out & looked
into the Quadrangle of New College, ^{the Weyman Dining} which is quite ancient; then went into
the chapel of ^{St. Dunstons} which has a cedar roof; walked through the cloisters
of Queens, which are more covered arcades, for the whole building is not
older than Queen Anne's time when it was rebuilt, & looked into the

quadrangle: 'till about 10. At last we found our way down New College Lane to New College, one of the oldest, & as the great gates were shut, & my s asked the porter if we could get in to service, "but without an order," he said. so we walked away. He had not gone far before a young man ^{over} took us walking with some others, he stopped & said "you want to go in to chapel. I believe, if you will give my name to the porter, Mr. Michell, he will let you in." Was it not very kind to us rather strangers to be turned back & were readily admitted.

It was early enough before service & five or a walk around the cloisters first. They are more truly monastic than any in Oxford, for the quadrangle. They surround it in a thorough way to any other place, & they are used as a burying ground & perfectly retired by themselves, & such a quiet, solemn walk! - Then we went & looked at the chapel, which is very beautiful - The adalene chapel is taken from it. It is quite true to the, & fine painted (oriduous) In the ante-chapel there is a stained glass window from designs by Sir Joshua Reynolds. The lower part are symmetrical figures, but with the too delicate features wanting in dignity & grandeur, & in some there even some curious old traces. We had seats in the stalls for service, but they were not so convenient as those at Magdalen - The music was very good. - But a chace so resounded to a single voice, I could scarcely follow the reading of the lessons. There were more candles than people, for I counted 8 students & 8 dignitaries, then the little choristers. It was so clear when we went out I had not

thought it possible to need an umbrella, but it was raining hard again when service was through. We had to hasten back to dine with Mr. Congreve - I arranged myself in the same extreme as the Eq before, & we had for a comfort a dryish walk up there. - The wine riched into a lower room, where we found the gentlemen, & I saw several, must describe before them. I really, half the time, quite lose the names, & don't know who a pleasant, handsome young man was who sat next me; There were 6 gentlemen besides Mr. Congreve, of whom one was a Mr. Compton, a fellow of University, a queer looking man with light curls hair brushed smooth, which gave you the impression, on looking at him that he had covered his face with it. ~~He was~~ quite lively & quick, something in the Edward Hall vein - Another was a young man named Downes, pleasant & good-natured, of the two others I looked out the names - In dinner being announced we were shown into the next room. It was a very handsome dinner. The plate of both colleges were reduced was handsome, the vegetable & pudding dishes silver, not at Radham everything was more stately, & we had champagne & You would think it a marvellous change if you could see me take wine. But one can scarcely hold it in visiting in England without being thought singular. - And water is not easily got at, & without making a very particular request - it is a less chance. But one in the limits of the plot, & then & then. - Then I left the table Mr. Congreve by Dr. Gray. The beer is excellent!

across the court,
invited me into the next room, & then ordered to accompany me to his cham-
ber, which he had not done before. Thinking it less troublesome, I went
up stairs to second again. So! it rained, & rained again! However I was
soon in his pretty little dining room, where he left me with some books,
& returned to the gentlemen. They came after awhile, & there was a good
deal of lively conversation. Mr. Conroy speaking of Dr. Busby said he was
quite medical in many ways - Lectures in habits of neatness! And
that his servants said they never had any breakfast in Lent! - There was
a good deal of lively, sportive discussion about Miss Sturges, Young Downe is
Gory & laughed very much at Congreve for his comfortable, luxurious rooms, &
the inconsistency therefore between contrasting the nobleman & his poor patroness
unless he would also share with his poor fellow students - it which Mr. Congreve
replied that the self-denial of the Jesuits was indeed admirable, that
they earned it so far they were even so self-denying as to abstain from all
knowledge & learning, & Mr. Conington added in his turn was, "that it was the
perfection of self-denial, for they suppressed even the very appearance of a
struggle." In a discussion as to men's different estimates of right, Mr. Conington said
that it was perfectly natural, "for each person was to himself the normal
man." And there was a good deal of lively discussion on the saying, which
I think is pretty good. But I could not but notice the kind sort of friendly
feeling between Congreve & Downe, to whom he was evidently tutor; the sociability
& mutual confidence, & the playful way in which Congreve would give hints
to what he thought better views. And I wished there could be little of that
sociable, friendly, companionable spirit between our collegians & tutors - It
would do both parties good, & increase the mutual respect; & give the tutors
so much more influence. We had a very pleasant eve, but such a con-
trast to the one before! I wish I could put it before you as vividly as it
struck us - both good in their way -

Sunday - Really, I do not know as I shall ever catch up. There is so much I
want to write you your interest, & for pleasant recollections for myself!
And though I take up the pen at many odd moments, it is rarely long
at a time, & seems to get the story on slowly - Well to get on with Thursday.
Dr. Gray went round to Mr. Church's rooms after breakfast to go with him to
a convocation as it is called, where some degrees were to be conferred -
I intended to write, but presently they came back, for Mr. Church said
it was a very amusing sight, & I must go too - Dr. Gray had asked leave
for Prof. Silliman's party to join us - Prof. S. & son having got back from London
at 10 - They went on in advance, being all ready, & I staid to dress, & as Dr.
Gray & I took a short cut, & went on very fast meaning to overtake them -

When we got to the convocation hall we saw nothing of them; but sundry
black gowns were about, & bearded with snaces, & we stood looking in
at the door to try to find our party - Presently Dr. Jackson came
down in full costume from the top of the hall, & beckoned us up.
He was dressed for Dr. in divinity, in a red stock coat of cassock buttoned
in the throat & reaching almost to the feet, some sort of indescribable
black mantle over it, & the bag at the back, black silk lined
with scarlet. He walked us quite to the head of the hall, & asked me
if I would be a Dr., & so gave me a doctor's seat, near Dr. Hellewell's
Master of New Inn College & nephew to the Duke of Wellington, who was seated
in the same scarlet attire. The hall opens from the end of the
divinity school, where we were Tuesday, & has oak seats all around it,
being in this one above another. The back ones far the most comfortable,
being divided by arms; there was a sort of canopy seat at the upper
end where was seated the vice-chancellor in his robes, & in front & a
little below him, sat on each side the Proctors, with black gowns turned
back down the front & up at the sleeves with black velvet. A man dressed
in the gown of a Dr. of Law, a scarlet ^{cap} full gown lined & lined up with
rose colored silk, was reading some great parchment at one side, &
sundry individuals in black gowns were scattered about - This was a
preparation of some sort, & presently visited by a man in a black gown
carrying a mace, the vice-chancellor retired into an ante-room. Presently
Mr. Church had appeared at the bottom with the willmours, & they
had been seated low down, in the Masters' seats; Dr. Gray went down to
explain how we were there, & Mr. Church asked Dr. Jackson if he might
give the seats near us, brought them up to the end where I was. After
awhile the Chancellor came in again, with due ceremonies, took a seat
lower than before, & the Proctors in front, & then began the ceremony, which
is an odd old skeleton of some sort forms, of conferring the degrees -
First the dean of each college announced those he wished to present,
& after each person was named the proctor jumped up & walked down
the hall & back again - This in old times was the taking the votes, for
as the proctor passed along, anyone who objected to conferring the degree
would pluck the Proctor's sleeve, & then the degree was refused for
that time - But the faces of one amused me amazingly, he went
through it all with such an expression of bashfulness, amusement, in-
difference & stupidity! One time he took an excursion. For much, when
he need only have bowed up & taken his hat. His expression of suddenly
waking up & half laugh, half vexation, was capital!

Then, all the preliminaries having been gone through, the Young men to be honoured, who had been looking sidling the door all the time, were escorted up by the municipality-beadle. For first the man would go down the hall under the man's arm or deigned down on one side, to appear in due state, affectionately supported, as he came up the centre again, & such a manoeuvring it about at intermediate points from one side to the other. Perhaps you don't know what a snace is - Well it is a wand or stick some three feet long, like a slightly ornamented bed-post on a small scale, & they carry it folded in their arms as you would a baby - It is of silver or gilded. Well, the Bachelors & masters to be, having been duly ~~examined~~ escorted ^{to} the top of the hall, the deans stepped forward to present these of their colleges; as some were ^{the} Bachelors of Divinity, Dr. Jacobson as Professor first stepped forward, & taking the man by the hand made a bow & a Latin speech; he has a fine intellectual broad face, but a great expression of humour wrinkles in the corners of his eyes & mouth, and it seemed as if a glimpse of this smile would come now & then when he was rattling over his Latin speeches, although he looked so sober, as if it were all very absurd! - There were 3 for Dean to present, & after all the rest were through, one stepped forward as spokesman, & kneeling before me proctor took an oath to preserve the Academic rules, &c. & the others knelt their books; then kneeling before the other proctor, he took the oath of allegiance, &c. & they kissed the books again, & after sundry other ceremonies, it was wound up with the Masters of Arts all kneeling before the Vice-Chancellor who topped them on the head with a book - And then the beadle appeared again, & ushered them all out. - I returned to our hotel to write; & Dr. Gray went at 2 o'clock he came for me to go & call upon Mrs. Jacobson - He found her at home, & I asked to see her baby - Presently Dr. J. came in in his cassock, & a beautiful boy came in with him, who came so civilly to shake hands & stare at me - His great black eyes put me in mind of Charlie, though he was a year younger; presently the baby came, & though it smiled & held out its hands at first, it shortly adopted to the idea I was a stranger & burst into a nearly flood of tears, with the landing paper's jimmings, & had to be banished. Mrs. Jacobson took me into her school-room & introduced me to the rest, & little folk shading imperceptibly into each other, & the little boy next older than the dark-eyed little fellow, who made me think again of little Pat, for he had light hair & blue eyes, & was slender, & something of Pat's expression, though much younger - Then Dr. Jacobson kindly took charge of us & took us into the Chapter House of the Cathedral.

It is a noble old room with a fine arched roof, & lighted by one enormous Gothic window. Then as we were passing through an arched passage, he opened a heavy door on one side, & going down a step or two where do you think we found ourselves? In the kitchen! - It was built in Cardinal Wolsey's time, & is pretty much the same thing that it was then. - A fine high arched roof; on one side an enormous grate, 12 or 15 feet long, I should think, & blazing full of coal; & in front of it two or three immensely long spits, one above the other, & slowly turning by means of a jack, & legs of mutton, veal, beef, lamb, chickens, &c. &c. Steam arose. - The other side had a fire place equalled length, but more cut up into ^{smaller} ~~smaller~~ ^{places} ~~places~~ ^{where} ~~where~~ ^{there} were enormous heavy tables about, & a cluster of men in white caps, the cooks, were at one side. 'Twas a strange, queer sight, & Dr. Jacobson shewed it as "cooking Dr. Gray's dinner!". Then we went into Dr. Auckland's Museum, a pretty little anatomical museum, where we saw sundry skeletons, &c. & among others, the skeleton of the bear with a bill. Then as we passed Dr. Jacobson's house, we stopped for Mrs. J., & joint into the next quadrangle went into the Beckwater Library. - The lower story is devoted to pictures, & there were some of the Early Italian school, but we did not stay long enough to see them much, & going into the story above were in a fine hall for the librarians. Here Dr. Jacobson shewed us a collection of very valuable drawings, some said to be by Guido, Leonardo da Vinci, especially for the use of Cardinal Wolsey, & beautifully illuminated, & with this coat of arms enwreathed in the border, & another very one with such perspective! & among other missives a windmill projecting with each turn, & with it's bees upon the drum! - Then taking us into a room where he said there were only two other people who could admit us, he shewed us some valuable ancient coins, old Greek manuscripts &c. &c. Among other things was the book in which ^{there} James's son, the exercises. On one page the exercise, on the other his tutor's comment: "Your highness has been very negligent! - Your highness has imperiously avoided the use of the infinitive! - Sedelint, says nothing more nor less, Your highness, than that: I have nothing in my head but going to Windsor: &c. &c. as if he was Prince of Wales he got sedded sometimes for his latin exercises!" - in the steps of the Museum we

we took leave of Dr. & Mrs. Jacobson, & Dr. Gray went to drop some farewell card
while I looked for prints of Oxford - He then returned, he to dress & to go
to dine with Mr. Conybeare in the Hall of Christ Church, & I to take
my solitary dinner, then I made to call on Mrs. Silliman, & then wrote
until it was time to dress to go to Dr. Daubeny's - Mr. Church came in a
few minutes after Dr. Gray went, to say good bye to him, but said he would
come round again in the morning - Dr. Gray returned to "show me" in to the
"savage decolleté" of my music, which, I assure you is very handsome, & over
which I threw Dr. Harveij's Shetland shawl - And then escorted me to
Dr. Daubeny's - Dr. Gray was quite delighted with the dinner at Ch. Ch. - He
met again a different set of men - Mr. Conybeare he said was a very intelligent,
well informed person, a good deal travelled, & taking a great interest in
education, & in advancing the matter as much as possible in Oxford - He
is a Tutor - And there were many greater men among the fellows - At
Dr. Daubeny's I found Mrs. Jacobson, looking very prettily in a black velvet - I
quite hanker after a black velvet! - And sundry gentlemen - But Dr. Daubeny
had not much tact, & goes rather on the English custom of not introducing,
so if it had not been for Mrs. J. I should have had a dull time - But
she is very pleasant - Mrs. Silliman came late; - Her Mrs. Jacobson
and I, & a very great old gentleman came over & sat down by me, & we had
a nice chat - I do not know his name - I was quite struck with a remark
of Mrs. Jacobson's - She was talking with some one on the constantly chang-
ing society of Oxford - I have said before, that the fellowships are not kept
long, & from them (rather the fellows) are taken the tutors - And of course every
year removes one set of under graduates & brings another - And Mrs. J. speaking
of them said, it constantly needed young minds to take a fresh & hearty
interest in such succeeding new students; that one who staid long could
not keep up the constant change of interest & affection, & get indifferent; &
besides, new men brought fresh, newer ideas - An old tutor or professor got to
merely repeating the same lectures over & over again - I think, as regards
tutors, those who have the immediate influence & contact with the
young men, it is very forcible - And I wish we had something like these
fellowships, which are open to all & which rank as a scholar can alone
obtain, & which gives such admirable opportunities of improving & ripening
on the short course of an under graduates studies - And though there are
some things much to be preferred in our system, I think the sort of per-
sonal interest & responsibility which each tutor has over a certain number
of undergraduates, a good thing and every student must be under the care of

some tutor - He did not stay very late, & took Mr. Silliman into my room
to come home - He was naturally a little annoyed at this English cus-
tom of not introducing, which I have got so used to I scarcely notice
+ But I must say that one thing that we particularly enjoyed in
the society of Oxford, was that it seemed more like home; there was
less John Bullism, you felt more that people went for what they were
worth mentally, & were more independent of outward position; & there
were so hearty, so cordial, so agreeable, that Oxford has taken a deep place
in my affections; & Dr. Gray could only reconcile himself to going away by
promising himself a noble trip next summer again, to see it in its
leafy glory! - We were up early the next morning, I to finish my pack-
ing, & Dr. Gray to go out to get some prints, & invite Mr. Church to break-
fast with us - He wanted to see him once more - He came for once
without frown & cap, for the students, tutors, professors, & so on in ac-
ademic costume, black frown & cap, which is certainly very becoming; &
there is a great deal of nice distinction in the cut of the sleeves &
the place of the arm hole, denoting the collegiate rank - Some of the
students wore their frowns tied round their throats as mantles, fastened
on the wet days - Dr. Gray & I seem always doomed to premature
departures! The wretched omnibus started off as we came to the door,
I thought it stopped for us, we had to make a little run down the street,
& so a most abrupt farewell to Mr. Church - It was also rather agreeable
in being a particularly fine day, & we had only seen in Oxford in glimpses
of sun-shine, & must leave it with a bright day enlivening the solemn
courtyards, & see how they shined under it! - We took, after 5 miles
in the bus, the Rail-road to Blotley, & after ten ^{hours} interesting waiting there,
took the train to Peterboro - Here we did not begrudge the two hours
again so much, as there was a fine Cathedral to be seen - It is quite
peculiar in its front, where three high, high arches multiplied again
& again upwards, make a huge porch; & the greater part of the exterior
is quite ancient, with round arches, but it is a new imposition structure,
& admirable preservation, externally & internally - The choir is surrounded
on a dais added much later, in the time of Henry VIII, & corresponds ex-
ternally & internally with the Henry VIII Chapel in Westminster Abbey - The
rest of the interior is in old Norman style, with round arches, but the
fittings up of the choir & stalls more modern - Mary Queen of Scots was buried
here first, but after 25 years the body was removed to Westminster Abbey, the
old rope shewed in the Stone under which she had been buried, & also the
one where Catharine, Henry VIII's first wife, lies - The Cathedral is beautifully
situated, with the quiet green church-yard on one side, & Quadrangle

with the walls of what were the monks' old cloisters, on the other, & around these, old buildings made from portions still standing of the old abbey, & giving all an ancient, quiet air. And the entrance upon the open space in front of the cathedral is through a very old gateway tower - We ^{crossed} ~~passed~~ ^{some moments} ~~about~~ ^{the town} looking at its corner spires, ^{the} one on the right particularly graceful & light, & the verge told us that the top having been knocked off in the troublous communitive times, when Peterborough had its share of fighting, a few years ago they were replacing it, when an adventurous school-boy while the workmen were at dinner, by ladders & ropes climbed the dizzy height, & having scratched his name on a penny piece put it in the spot upon which the new top should rest - He said the boy had turned out a strange wild character, & had at last descended to keeping an apple stall, over which he placed his name, "John P. - nephew to the Bishop of Lincoln" a piece of family affection. I suppose the Bishop would have well spared it - He took the 4 1/2 train to Haverhill, & found there we must drive a 1/2 of a mile to another N.W., where ^{we} at 10 minutes to 6 at length set off for Cambridge, & with no more changes & delays got there & to the Red Lion Hotel, by 7 o'clock -

New April 4th - Here I am back in New, & must leave until next week all account of Cambridge, & of the grand dinner & feast at St. Lawrence's Wednesday, where I saw the Duke of Wellington &c. &c. He got back Tuesday afternoon, & I have been very busy ever since - I found such a heap of letters awaiting my arrival! Two weeks from America - From Sue 2, & from Patrick two, 1 from Charles, 1 from Joe, & from Eliza - And yours, Sue, to Dr. Jay, for which he expresses many thanks, & says he certainly did not deserve it! - Then from Charles Brace in Berlin &c. &c. Yesterday I heard from Aunt Lizzy in Paris - then come to England at the 10th of May. Our movements are still very uncertain, but Italy grows fainter & fainter - It is a long while since I heard from Aunt Anna - Today is April 4th. & Mrs. & little Charles' birth-days; I keep them in my heart. Ah, the children, how I yearn to see them sometimes! - Mrs. P.'s death was very sudden & very sad! And how many sad things there were to tell you! - Your questions about the flax, Patrick, I will answer next week - Dr. Jay expresses most lively sympathy in your writing troubles - he says he constantly experiences the same thing, "the ink will blot, the hand will scrawl, the pen will spout!" - It is a long while since you have written, dear Alice - Spring is quite advanced here, the currant-bushes are all out - With most affectionate love to all, & kisses to the children,

I am ever truly, 'unc'

* In father Peter's Cathedral Churches of England are nice prints of these cathedrals. Look out Peter's.